Heat

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Heat

by slashyrogue

Summary

Will was alone, vulnerable, and in distress.

But he would not go to him.

A fool in love.

Hannibal had never quite felt the quote fit him before but now there was little else that seemed apt.

He hadn't seen or heard from Will since their encounter at the opera save for one short exchange.

Will: No killing. Not even one.

Of course.

The rule was quite simple to follow as he had no need to go after anyone, not when the rest of his life was on the line, and as the days progressed he waited for more messages that never came.

So he chose to be defiant and send a message of his own.

The bow tie that Will had stolen from him Hannibal knew was for his scent and had spent several nights of sexual gratification thinking of Will's possible use of the gift. Which was why he left a package on Will's doorstep containing several pieces of clothing.

His omega needed the comfort and despite Will's aversion to bonding with him now that his role as The Ripper had been confessed his omegan instincts would force him to comply to them.

He toyed with the idea of watching from several miles down from Will's house but decided against such desperation. Their connection would be much harder for Will to resist if exposed to him, and he knew with time Will would realize how much alike they were.

The very idea of going hunting with Will was one of Hannibal's many fantasies.

It took another twenty four hours before he got a response to his gift in the form of a message.

Will: Bastard.

Hannibal smiled before he answered.

You're welcome.

His patients the next few days kept him busy, a steady stream of lovestruck and lovelorn second genders who he could hardly relate to in any way. He had his mate, knew him more than Will knew himself, and was just waiting for this all to end.

And it did end.

Just not at like he'd expected.

The very last day of the week he got a text message that he felt go through him.

Will: Heat

A declaration more than an invitation, he was unsure if he was being tested. Will may be wanting to see if he'd try to manipulate and coerce him into acceptance. He may also assume Hannibal would just come to his house and take him without consent.

He would do none of those things.

A heat of his own seemed to overtake him, and he wiped his brow as the patient babbled on about her issues with her beta fiance.

Will: HEAT

Hannibal's finger hovered over the letters on the screen as he tried to see what Will wanted from him.

"....and he just doesn't understand really because he's not like me! He doesn't get that…."

The phone rang and Hannibal stared at Will's name on the screen. He licked his lips and turned to smile at his patient. "Excuse me a moment, Greta."

He got up and practically ran from the office. His secretary was long dead and no one waited in the lobby as he answered.

"Yes?"

"I need you, Alpha," Will moaned, "I...I need you. Please?"

Hannibal hesitated. "Will, what is my name?"

"Alpha, I need you! I need your knot! I'm so empty! I need--"

Hannibal hung up the phone, took a deep breath, and walked back into the office to sit down.

Greta turned to frown at him. "Is everything alright?"

"Yes," he said softly, his hand shaking as he set his phone on the table beside him, "Everything is fine."

He would not take advantage and lose Will's trust again.

Not like this.

The decision was the right one, he knew that, but his alphan instincts were practically snarling to run out the door.

Will was alone, vulnerable, and in distress.

But he would not go to him.

Fourteen days passed before he got another message.

But this one was in person.

An alpha named Holden was his last patient of the day, a long one before the weekend, and when he walked the man to the door he was more than surprised to see Will sitting in his lobby. The omega worn out, sweaty, and very obviously had not even showered from coming off a long heat alone.

Holden paused. “Um…”

“That will be all, Mr. Lang. Goodnight.”

Will didn’t move until the alpha was gone but got up the moment they were alone and headed into Hannibal’s office.

He didn’t speak but instead sat himself in Hannibal’s desk chair and let out a long shaky sigh.

“Will…”

“Why didn’t you come?”

Hannibal stared down at his casual wear, no suit still as per his omega’s instructions, and then back at Will. “I didn’t want to use your instinctual need against you.”

Will laughed. “You did before, didn’t you? Making me comforted by your presence and scent, taking the time to seem like you cared, and then yanking the rug out from under me.”

“I only confessed because I wanted to be truthful with you. All I am is yours for the---”

“Taking,” Will finished, standing and walking around the front of Hannibal’s desk, “Yet you didn’t come when I called. Didn't let me *take*. I had to be alone for the worst heat of my entire life. I almost called a heat mate, but the very idea...I needed you.”

“And I wanted to be sure you consented to me rather than my knot.”

Will nodded. “Yeah, you did. Didn’t you? You….you’re letting me have all of you.”

He came up to Hannibal and stared into his eyes.

“All I want is to be yours," Hannibal whispered.

Will let out a long breath and it brushed along Hannibal’s lips. “Bastard. All I wanted was to be anything but yours. You could’ve come to me, fucked me for a week straight and bit into my neck. You could’ve forced a bond, cemented me to you, and you….”

He pressed his mouth to Hannibal’s hard, bruising, and Hannibal groaned as he dug nails into his neck.

The smell of Will's long spent slick and sweat only added to his arousal. He whimpered when Will broke their kiss and smugly smirked. "Will…"

"Good alpha," he whispered, stepping back before he turned and walked out of the office.

Hannibal fell to his knees, still shaking, and smiled.

For the first time since this all began, he felt as if he'd made the right decision.

Now all he had to do was wait and see if Will would do the same.

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